THE

Arraigning and Indicting

OF

Sir John Barleycorn, Knt.

Newly compoſed

By a well-wiſher to Sir JOHN,

And all that Love HIM.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, London.

A new Song

To the Tune of Old Sir John Barleycorn;
Or, Jack of all Trades.

ALL you that be good fellows,
Come liſten unto me,
If that you love the alehouſe,
And merry company.

Attend unto my ſtory,
Which I fear is too true,
It makes my heart full ſorry,
And many doth it rue.

'Tis of a gallant noble Knight,
Which many know full well,
An honeſt man I witneſs can,
If I the truth may tell

His name is Sir John Barleycorn,
Which makes both beer and bread,
What would do all that now are born,
If Barleycorn was dead.

For as I abroad did walk,
I heard a piteous cry,
And many a man did talk
That Barleycorn muſt die.

His enemies increaſe ſo faſt,
At board and eke at bed,
I fear their malice will not ceaſe,
Till they cut off his head.

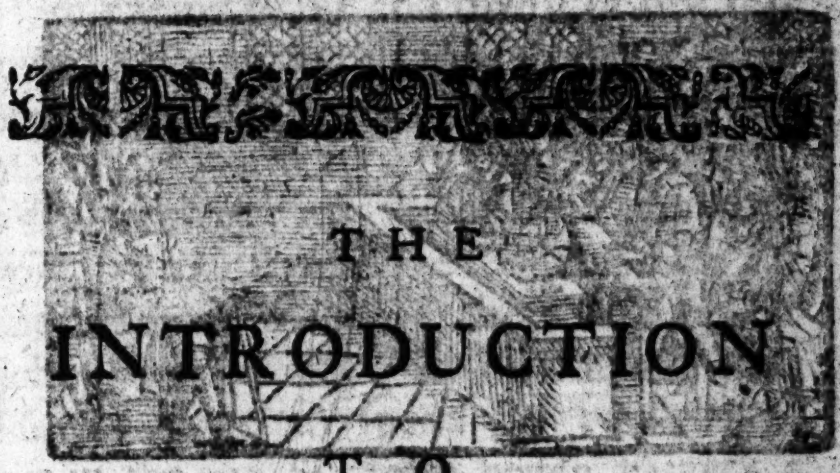
For Smut the honeſt blackſmith,
With many tradeſmen more,
And Snip the nimble Taylor,
Doth vow that ſhe ſhould die.

And Will the Weaver doth complain,
With many thouſands more;
I hope their labour is in vain,
Therefore they may give o'er,

Yet now awhile give ear,
You that are ſtanders by,
And you preſently ſhall hear
Sir John condemn'd to die.

All you that love poor Bareeycorn,
A good word for him give,
And he that ſpeaks againſt him,
I wiſh he may not live.

IN



THE INTRODUCTION TO

Sir *John Barleycorn's* TRIAL.

Gentlemen,

IF you pleaſe bet give ſo much attention, and you ſhall preſently hear Sir JOHN BARLEYCORN called to the bar, and all his accuſers appears, giving in their bills againſt him; and alſo his Friends, which appear in his behalf, and thereby ſave his life, after he was condemned to die.

The TRIAL of Sir JOHN BARLEYCORN.

Cryer.

O Yes! O yes! O yes! If any man or woman in country, town, or city, have any suits or bills of indictment againſt Sir John Barleycorn, let them appear this day, and they ſhall either hear or be heard.

Vulcan the Blackſmith appears, and gives in his Bill.

Be it known to you all, Gentlemen, that this Sir John Barleycorn hath been

a ſore enemy to me and many of my fellows. For many a time, when I have been buſy at my work, not thinking any manner of harm to any man, but having a fire-ſpark in my throat, and one time going to the ſign of the Cup and Can for one pennyworth of ale, there I found Sir John; and thinking no hurt to any one, I ſet me down to ſpend my two-pence; but in the end Sir John began to pick a quarrel with me, and then I ſtarted up, thinking to go about my buſineſs; but then Sir John had got ſuch faſt hold of me by the top of my head, that I had no power of myſelf; and by his ſtrength and power threw me down, broke my head, and bruiſed other parts of my purſe and left me never a penny; and therefore he doth deſerve to die.

Will the Weaver.

Now gentlemen, I do beſeech you to hear me ſpeak. I am but a poor man, and have a wife, and a charge of children, and am but a poor Weaver by my trade, yet this unkind companion will never let me alone, but is always enticing

me from my work, and will not be quiet till he hath me to the alehouſe, and when there he always quarrels with me, and abuſes me moſt baſely, and ſometimes he binds me both hand and foot, and throws me into a ditch, and there ſtays with me all night, and next morning leaves me, but with never a penny in my pocket; and therefore, if you hang him I ſhall never grieve.

Thc Taylor comes in.

And I ſhall never be ſorry if you either hang, drown, or behead him; for I am ſure he has been the greateſt enemy to me for many years paſt, for as I never loved him ſo I never cared for his company, as I always loved Maſter Wheat better than Sir John Barleycorn, yet one time as I was coming home from my work, I eſpied Sir John and two or three good fellows quarrelling, I skipped among them thinking to make them good friends; for why, thought I, ſhould neighbours fall out; but as ſoon as Sir John ſaw me take my neighbour's part, he ſtraitway began to quarrel with me

and gave me ſuch a thump on the teeth, that I fell backwards, and all bewrayed me, broke both my elbows and my yard-wand. Nay, worſe than that, the very ſame day my wife met with him, and he like an ill-conditioned knave, abuſed her, inſomuch that ſhe learned of him ſome of his miſchevious tricks, and came home ſo drunk, that though ſhe could ſcarcely ſtand, ſhe beat my back and ſides blue. Nay, ſhe has now got the way ſo perfect that I am perſwaded ſhe will never leave it; and therefore by my conſent you ſhall put him to the ſame death that many of my enemies have been put to, that is to ſnap off his head.

Mr. Wheatley.

Head him, aye hang him too if you pleaſe, you ſhall have my conſent, for I am ſure he doth deſerve it; for I am certain he doth daily and hourly abuſe me. I am ſure I have been a man that hath oftentimes been highly eſteemed both with Lords, Knights, and Squires, and none could pleaſe him ſo well as James Wheatley the baker. But now the caſe is altered, Sir John Barleycorn is the man

that is highly eſteemed in every place. I am ſtill but plain James Wheatley, and he is now Sir John Barleycorn in every one's mouth, though he has undone many an honeſt man in England; for the company of oir John Barleycorn I can prove it to be true, has ſurely cauſed many an honeſt man to waſte and conſume all that ever he had, and more if he can but get it. Nay, he hath cauſed many a man to ſell houſe and land, and all that ever he had to maintain riot with Sir John Barleycorn. Nay, when men have done all that ever they can, ſold all, ſpent all, and left nothing, yet the fancy they bear to Sir John Barleycorn makes them to rob and ſteal for money to maintain themſelves in his company. Nay robbing and ſtealing will not ſerve ſometimes but they will kill and ſlay, murdering one another for money to keep Sir John Barley corn company till at laſt the hangman gets part of them. And this Sir John Barleycorn is the great foundation of all this miſchief, and therefore he deſerves to loſe his head.

Old

Old Noll and Old Nick the Judges.

Well, what anſwer an you make for yourſelf, Sir John? You hear the complaints made againſt you, wherein you are ſtrongly accuſed, both of felony and murder.

Sir John.

I beſeech you gentlemen to let me have the benefit of the law to ſpeak for myſelf; if it ſhall pleaſe you to hear me I hope I ſhall clear myſelf.

You know gentlemen, every man is willing to make his caſe as good as he can, although he himſelf is in the fault, and as the old proverb goes, Some had better ſteal a horſe than others look over the hedge; and ſo it is by me in the preſent caſe, but as I am not accuſed by only one of theſe perſons, but by all of them, ſo I intend to make anſwer to them all at once.

Theſe men complain that Sir John Barleycorn hath undone them all which

is falſe, as I doubt not but to make appear.

I confeſs my name is Sir John Barleycorn, but you never knew Barleycorn do any harm, but always good, and has relieved as many poor people as any man, and will do ſo ſtill, if they do not abuſe me and my name, as they have, and ſtill do, and take away my good name from me, and inſtead of calling me Sir John Barleycorn, they nick-name me after my friend and neighbour Malt, and ſo I came to be abuſed, and baſely belied on; for it is Mr. Malt, if any one, has done us all this wrong, which they ſay that I have done.

Mr. Malt.

Who I, brother John? indeed, but only that thou art my brother, and I love thee well, or I ſhould hit thee one ſlap on thy teeth, but now time will come when you and I ſhall meet again.

Gentlemen, as for my own part I will put the matter to the bench. But firſt I pray you conſider with yourſelves that all tradeſmen ſhould live, and although Maſter Malt do ſometimes make a cup

of good liquor, and many men come to taſte it, yet the fault is neither in me, nor my brother John. No, no, the fault is in ſuch as theſe which makes this complaint againſt us, as I ſhall make appear to you all.

As in the firſt place, which of you all can ſay, but Maſter Malt can make a cup of good liquor, with the help of a good brewer? And when it is made, it muſt be ſold. The fault is not in the drink or the maker; for I pray which of you all can live without it? But when ſuch as theſe that complain of us, find it to be good, when they have ſuch a greedy mind, that they think they ſhall never have enough for their money; and ſo Will overcame Wit, and then they begin to quarrel firſt with each other, and then they abuſe me and my brother Sir John, ſo that in the end we are forced to take them by the top of the head, and lay them down faſt aſleep. Then I pray you judge whether we or they are in the fault.

The Judges.

Truly we cannot ſee that you are much in fault; however, you muſt give bail

A new SONG

ALL you that are good fellows,
Come liſten unto me,
If that you love the alehouſe,
And keep good company.

My name is Sir John Barleycorn,
Which many know full well,
My brother's name is Maſter Malt,
As many a one can tell.

Tho' Smut the honeſt blackſmith,
Of me doth ſore complain,
E'er long I know I ſhall not miſs
To ſhoot him thro' the brain.

for your good behaviour, Mr. Malt.—And as for you, Sir John, you muſt appear at the next ſeſſions to anſwer what may be further objected to you, and make your defence, and ſo fare you well for this time.

Now Sir John Barleycorn and his brother Malt marched off together in triumph, and for Joy that they got ſo well off they went along ſinging the following ſong.

A new

And honeſt Will the Weaver,
For all he is ſo ſtout,
I know he'll do his endeavour
To have the other bout.

Tho' Maſter Wheat the Baker,
He be my younger brother,
He'll not deny a bout to try,
With me or any other.

And Nick the nimble Taylor,
Will venture his beſt ſhears,
'Till Barleycorn and Maſter Malt
Do take him by the ears.

There's not a tradeſman in the land,
That ever yet was born,
But will take a touch ſometimes too much
Of Sir John Barleycorn.

Therefore all honeſt tradeſmen,
A good word for me give,
And pray that Sir John Barleycorn
May always with you live.

Maſter Malt.

Hark you, brother John, you know you are to appear, again to make anſwer for yourſelf; therefore I would adviſe you to provide ſome honeſt men to ſpeak for you, or elſe you will be in great danger of loſing your head, and then we are all undone.

Sir John Barleycorn.

O brother Malt, take you no care for me, for my part I do not fear but I ſhall have enough to ſpeak for me; no man in the nation is better beloved than I am; therefore, welcome luck, live or die, I fear nothing. So fare you well for this time.

THE court being again aſſembled Sir John Barleycorn was brought to the bar.

The Judges.

Sir John Barleycorn, anſwer to what has been laid to your charge; ſuch high crimes, as if you cannot clear yourſelf, I fear you muſt loſe your head.

Sir John Barleycorn.

A very ſharp piece of buſineſs trulp, gentlemen,—I hope gentlemen, you are

to hear my witneſſes ſpeak, who I fear not will make it plainly appear that I am falſely accuſed.

The Judges.

Thou ſhalt have any favour that can be had, therefore bring in your witneſſes, and let us hear what they can ſay in thy behalf.

The Ploughman enters.

Gentlemen, I pray may a man ſpeak without offence, who intends to ſay the truth and nothing more.

The Judges.

Yes, thou mayeſt be bold to ſpeak the the truth, and nothing more, for that is the cauſe we ſit here for; ſo therefore, ſpeak up boldly, that we may underſtand thee.

Ploughman.

Gentlemen, in the firſt place let me hear what bold impudent rogue dare to ſay one word againſt Sir John Barley-

corn; whoever he is, he is no better than a Rogue, a Thief, a Vagabond, a Traytor to the brown loaf a Thief to the braſs Pot, the Oven, and the Spit; nay, he is a Traitor to the whole world, that would take away the life of ſo noble a man as Sir John Barleycorn; for he is a man of an antient and honourable houſe, and is come of a noble ſpirited race, there is neither Lord, Knight, nor Squire but loves his company, and he theirs, as long as they do not abuſe him. He will abuſe no man, but doth a great deal of good, as I can plainly mane appear, in many kind of ways; and in the firſt place, very few ploughmen can live without him, for if it were not for him we could not pay our landlords their rent, and then what would ſuch men as you do for money and fine cloaths? Nay, your gay ladies would care but little for you, if you had not your rents coming in to maintain them, and we could never pay, but that Sir John Barleycorn ſends us with money, and yet would you ſeek to take away his life! for ſhame, let your malice ceaſe, and ſpare his life, for if you do not, we are all undone.

Enter Bunch the Weaver.

Gentlemen, I beſeech you to hear me. My name is Bunch, I am a Brewer and I do believe few of you can live without a cup of liquor; any more than I can tell how to live without the help of Sir John Barleycorn. And as for my own part, I maintain a great charge and keep a great many men at work; I pay forty pounds a week taxes to his Majeſt (God bleſs him) and all this is maintained by the help of Sir John. Then how can any man, for ſhame, [illegible]nt to take away his life.

Enter Miſtreſs Hoſteſs.

Take his life!—pray who is that who would attempt to take away his life?—If they take off his head, they ſhall take off mine too.—What ſad impudent rogues be they who ſay ſo? I am perſwaded that they be none that love the poor commonality; ſurely they be none but ſome miſerable rogues, that make their bag, their God, heaping up their cheſts with money, to ſtop the Devil's mouth when he comes to fetch them; ſuch as theſe would have no body live

but themſelves. Indeed ſuch as theſe would take off the head of any man if they could but enrich themſelves by it. Away you vagabonds! away you muck-worms of the world! you would have no body live but yourſelves. I hope Sir John Barleycorn will thrive amongſt us, when Old Nick ſhall fetch ſuch as you away by ten at a burden. Gentlemen, I beſeech you to take no notice of what ſuch fellows ſay, for they care not what blood they ſhed.

As for Sir John Barleycorn, I know him to be an honeſt man, and never affronted any man, if they did not abuſe him firſt; and in ſo doing they abuſe themſelves, for all they ſay he abuſes them. I do proteſt Gentlemen, that before you take his life, you ſhall take mine: Nay, I beſeech you to give me leave to ſpeak to you: If you put him to death all England will be undone: for there is not ſuch another in the land, that can do what he can, and hath done; for he can make a cripple to go, he can make a coward to fight with a valiant ſoldier; nay he can make a good ſoldier to feel neither hunger nor cold, Be-

ſides, for valour in himſelf, there are few that can encounter with him, for he can pull down the ſtrongeſt man in the world, and lay him faſt aſleep, therefore, I beſeech you gentlemen to let him live, or elſe we are all undone.

Enter a Farmer.

Gentlemen, all this is true which the woman ſpeaks, for if you put Sir John Barleycorn to death, I and mine are all undone, for I pay a great rent for my farm, and keep a great many ſervants under me, which ſtands me in great charges; and if you put Sir John Barleycorn to death, I and mine are all undone, ſo I pray let him live, if you love the common-wealth.

The Judge.

Well, we ſee no cauſe of death in this man, therefore he ſhall not die.

Sir John, your life is now your own henceforth and for evermore; therefore down on your knees, and pray for the King.

Sir John.

I will, Sir, and a curſe on his heart that will not ſay Amen to my prayer.

Sir JOHN's Prayer.

O Heaven protect our gracious King,
His parliament alſo;
Lord grant then long time to be ſeen,
In ſpite of every foe.

From traitors bold that ſeek their lives,
And them for to deſtroy,
Defend them Lord, with one accord,
Unto their ſubjects Joy.

That while the ſun and moon doth laſt,
We may enjoy a King,
And when death comes, provide him
With angels for to ſing.

And He or She, whoe'er they be,
That will not ſay Amen,
Sir John doth pray both night and day,
They ne'er may ſpeak again.

FINIS.